

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Her Common Sense a Girl's Best Protection

By WINIFRED BLACK.

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Winifred Black

They are forming girls' protection committees out in San Francisco now, getting ready for the big fair a year ahead of time. The girls' protection committees are made up of ladies who are very much worried for fear that girls who come to the fair will get acquainted with the wrong people and have the wrong sort of things happen to them.

So the ladies on the committee are going to go down to all the trains and meet all the boats coming into San Francisco for the next twelve months, early and late, at midnight or at dawn, and tell every girl they see to be good. Highly commendable, this idea, isn't it?

One of the members of the committee told me all about it the other day.

"Five thousands girls dropped out of sight at the world's fair in St. Louis."

"We don't propose to have anything like that, or anything near like it, happen at the San Francisco fair."

"Girls are so ignorant, so innocent, that they don't know how to take care of themselves at all. They let any sort of stranger, man or woman, scrape acquaintance with them, and don't seem to have the faintest idea of the hideous danger therein."

"Somebody has got to take care of them, and we of the girls' protection committee are going to do it. If it takes every minute of our time from now on until the fair is over."

My friend of the girls' protection committee is a fine woman, a good woman, a kind woman and public-spirited woman.

Who Are the Unfortunate Ones?

I have for her the deepest and most profound respect and admiration, but I wonder if she isn't worrying just a little bit too hard about the girls who are going to run such frightful danger the minute they step off the train in San Francisco, from now on till the fair is over.

I wonder if the kind women and the good men of this country aren't all of them worrying a little more about what's going to happen to the girls and what is happening to them right now than is really quite necessary.

Where do all these girls come from who are going to be drugged and kidnapped on trains and in boats and along the public streets of a great city?

Who are they, and what's the matter with them anyway?

I hear so much about these "ignorant" and "innocent" girls who are dragged into the most hideous cesspools of vice right in broad daylight. But, somehow, I have lived in large cities all my life, and I have never heard a single girl scream for help either by day or by night. Have you?

Has nobody ever told them anything about how to take care of themselves at all?

If I had a daughter 15 years old who didn't know enough to walk fast when a leering brute tried to keep up with her and get her to talk with him, I'd lock her up in a kindergarten and keep her there the rest of her life.

If I had a little sister, anywhere from 12 to 40 years of age, who didn't have sense enough to keep away from strange women who tried to get her to dine or to lunch with them at strange hours in strange restaurants in strange parts of the city, I'd have a guardian appointed to keep her out of trouble.

I never saw a girl 12 years old, in my life, who didn't know enough to know that she was doing a silly thing and a wrong thing when she talked with strange men or allowed men to talk with her.

I know from one end of this country to the other some thousands or so of girls who work for a living.

Pretty girls, young girls, attractive girls—they go out about their business alone at all hours of the day and night, and I have never yet heard of one of them being kidnapped or "abducted."

I have never known of an instance in my own personal experience of a single girl of all the thousands of girls I know in every rank of life who has ever had to cry aloud for help in any public street in any city in the United States of America.

Associations Not Infallible.

I've a friend, an elderly woman with a charming, graceful, girlish figure and an air about her.

She went out the other night to post a letter, and, as she approached the letter box two men stepped up to her and lifted their hats.

"Oh, you beautiful doll!" said one of the men.

"Aren't you lonesome out alone so late, honey?" said the other.

Did my friend scream and call for the police; did she rush wildly through the streets palpitating with terror?

She did not.

She lifted the flap of the box, dropped her letter where she wanted it to go, turned so that the light fell upon her gray hair, and said: "Skat—I'm old enough to be your mother."

She missed a great abduction story, didn't she?

The women I know who are always afraid somebody is going to kidnap them are three.

One of them is over forty, and never was good looking in her life.

One of them is cross-eyed and has absolutely nothing about her which could interest the most hardened abductor in the world.

And the other is a young person who never saw a man pass even on the other side of the street without giving him a look which said "follow me" as plainly as any look ever said anything in the world.

There's no doubt in the world that young girls going alone to a big city need some sort of protection. So do young girls going about alone in the country.

All hired men are not graduates of the school for angels—nor are all Sunday school superintendents saints, even if they live a thousand miles from the bright lights.

But there is just exactly one protection for a young girl that really protects, and that is in her own heart and in her own brain and in her own good plain, common sense.

If she is not so protected, all the protective associations in the world will not keep her out of the market.

Good luck to you, ladies of the Girls' Protection Committee. I hope you'll do a whole lot of good work out there in San Francisco between now and fair time. But, whisper, I hope that good work of yours isn't really needed half so much as you think it is.

THE RULING PASSION

By Michelson



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"LIKE mistress, like maid," is a venerable saying, never truer, it may be, than in this democratic land where dividing lines are not expected to be so sharply drawn as in the old world.

Certainly the feminine heart is pretty much the same, when it comes to a question of CLOTHES, whether it beats under a Poiret

waist or under an upstairs girl's apron. And when one is supposed to have a boudoir to herself what harm in trying the effect of a spring that such as one never could really OWN! No harm at all, so long as one is not caught at it. When the real owner unexpectedly appears it is another matter. Do all hearts really understand when the circumstances are like this? Try putting yourself in both places.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie:

A young man came to town, a stranger, just about six weeks ago, and now all of the girls are crazy about him, and won't pay any attention to the boys they've known all their lives. This young man is very handsome, and he wears such good clothes, and seems to know just how to wear them. He can sing and play the piano, and he is a dandy dancer. The only thing is he's always saying things that are embarrassing—things he ought not to say, and that no girl ought to hear. We don't know what to do about it.

THREE GIRLS.

I'm very much afraid that your friend, the young man from town, needs nothing in the world so much as a perfectly good thrashing.

Handsome, well dressed, wears his clothes so delightfully; well, I'd give more for the little finker of a decent, manly fellow, who never had but one "best suit" in his life at one time than I would for the whole body, brain, heart and soul—such as they are—of a creature like that.

He should at least know enough to keep his evil thoughts to himself, or save them for the sort of company which appreciates them.

What would you think of a handsome, well-dressed young man who came to dinner at your home in his pajamas, or who took off his well-polished boots and put his stocking feet on the dinner table? You'd think he was either crazy or an insulting boob.

Don't be afraid of being "country-fied" by being self-respecting.

This fellow knows perfectly well what he is doing. Nine chances out of ten he thinks you are so "jay" that he can say or do things in your presence that he wouldn't even dare think of in town. Just give him a good lesson—he needs it.

Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her care this office.

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JUST OUT

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After you have studied the merits of the different grades of Butter you will appreciate why

Elk Grove BUTTER

is the favorite.

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The New Lighting

It Stands for Reflection Upward,
More Beauty, More Health,
Less Glare, Less Cost.

(Copyrighted 1914.)

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

Listen, oh, weary traveler in trolley or train! Give "head, oh, thou who hast just sat in the upper balcony of one of our large theaters or concert halls! Do you have a headache? Do your eyes feel strained? Are you one of those thousands who hear the American curse of glasses in your youthful years?

"Let there be light," was the wonderful edict in its time. But today our cry might be, "Let there be light less garish, less commonplace, less inartistic, and less inefficient."

When the change was made from oil to gas, and then to the extremely bright light of the electric filament, the new light was at first so expressive that every effort was made to increase the amount of light distributed. And so arose the "bar-room" type of gas and electric fixtures, with shiny round glass shades surrounding the globes, because such fixtures and globes increased the amount of direct light

in the room. At first we supposed this to be a desirable thing, as it was indeed desirable in commercial pursuits where intense light was needed for matching colors or for other direct work.

But such lighting fixtures and globes are both unnecessary and inartistic. How like a sprawling giant spider on the thread is the omnipresent "chandelier." We know, too, that an overbright reading page reflects light back to our eyes, which causes strain and fatigue.

We know that when we are sitting in a room lighted by an overhead fixture with a cluster of bulbs which reflect downward, we involuntarily shade our eyes just as we sit among wattled spruce pine or yucca plants in the subway and public buildings where the light supply is patterned after this garish and most trying arrangement.

The best lighted room does not mean the most lighted room. Too

intense light causes a state of retinal exhaustion. It also compels an unconscious muscular contraction in our effort to exclude the excess light, and this causes "theater headache" and a great deal of general eye strain.

Instead of copying the fixtures and lighting methods needed in offices and commercial institutions, our ideal in the home should be light that is focused not in one point, but which is diffused throughout the whole room. If different kinds of light are compared we find that amber light is much less trying on the eye than brilliant, hard, white light. It is possible to approach the softness of amber (or the sun) by using on our old-fashioned fixtures sheets of so-called "colortint" film.

Which is used in theaters and which is very inexpensive. A portion of this can be tucked like a cornucopia around the exposed bulb so that the light will be dim and much more restful.

When we sit down at the dining table in many a home and are annoyed by the glare from the central electric over the table, which shines right into his eyes at dinner? Frosted globes will help break the force of the light, but a still better means is to have the whole opening of the dome entirely covered with a glass diffusing plate, which can be fitted to any square or round dome for a small sum and which will diffuse the light so that

all glare will be avoided. These plates are being used generally to correct the faults of those domes which we already have and which we cannot take out or change.

But in any case where we are either building or care to go to the expense of new installations we should know more about the entirely new idea in home lighting which is called by the various names of semi-indirect or indirect lighting.

This means that instead of the present fixtures, bulbs and ground glass shades which throw the light directly downward, we can have fixtures which resemble inverted bowls of opaque glass with the bulbs so arranged as to throw the light upward and not downward, thus giving a soft diffused radiance into all parts of the room instead of a hard, bright light in only one place.

There are various types of this indirect lighting suitable for all rooms from the kitchen to the parlor. The shallow bowl which contains the electric bulb is most decorative, as it is generally made of opal and other attractive kinds of glass, and is so near the ceiling and so simple in its lines as not to unduly attract attention or spoil other decorative effects in the room. With this kind of lighting there are no shadows, which is a point to be considered for those who have pictures or other art objects.

The new lighting, then, means more artistic fixtures; light reflected upward, instead of deflected downward; soft, diffused light, rather than an intense, hard glare; no strain on the eye when compared with the old form of harsh, garish, unprotected light sources; less expensive light.

Who Will Win?

The people who are most careful what bread they eat

Or

the people who just buy bread, without regard to quality.

Over half the people in Washington eat Corby's Bread.

Why?

One Hundred Per Cent Pure.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Birth Marks Occur; Pre-Natal Theory Fiction

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

Do you believe in fairies? Lots of grown-ups do. There are very few of the human kind who do not believe in signs, even though they stoutly hold forth that they are "not a bit superstitious."

Experimental psychology nowadays takes advantage of this human frailty. The very tricks which charlatans and frauds use to play upon mankind's credulity are now utilized with scientific precision for practical effects.

You have heard of crystal gazing! Just as poets read words in running brooks and see visions in flowers, so a lot of foolish people "see things" when they gaze into crystals.

Psychologists have taken over this folly for a better purpose. A splash of ink, blood or mercury is dashed upon white paper, or a crystal is looked at intently.

Some people see faces, others animals, others landscapes, other galls, and so on. Those who believe in occultism take what they see seriously. Experimental psychologists thus test the accuracy, reliability, and honesty of the individual's senses and thoughts.

These lines and dots are locks and keys.

In narrow space to treasure thought.

Whose precious hoards, when'er you please, are thus to light from darkness brought.

In much the same way strawberry marks, birth spots, moles, and skin blemishes of one sort or another, present at birth, are explained by superstition and by actual knowledge.

Force first made conquest, and that conquest law.

Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid.

And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made.

She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound, when rocked the mountains, and when groined the ground, she taught the weak to heed, the proud to pray.

To Power unseen, and mightier far than they, she from the reading earth and bursting skies, saw gods descend and fends infernal rise.

Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes.

Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods.

Months before the new baby arrives in the expectant family the head of the prospective mother is filled with old nurses' tales and seven-sons-of-seventh sons' superstitions.

All of this is utter rot. The truth is not in it. No matter what a woman eats, wishes, feels, sees, or dreams, it has absolutely no influence upon the skin or tissues of the unborn babe.

The so-called wine marks, strawberry moles, and other signs which have perpetuated these foolish fancies are now thoroughly explained on rational grounds. In other words, all women have these little experiences, but only one baby in a thousand has the strawberry marks.

There was one of those who said: "When I have a fixed belief in my mind that such and so is the explanation of anything, my opinion, no matter how true, goes unwarmed by everybody else's, goes unwarmed by everybody else's."

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